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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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PLACENTIA PALACE, GREENWICH.

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This is unfortunately one of the things that were, a regret which we have no doubt most of our readers will join in. Greenwich was at an early date a royal residence. We have traces of one as early as 1300, when Edward I made an offering of 7*s.* at each of the holy crosses of the Virgin Mary at Greenwich, and the prince made an offering of half that sum. Henry V granted this manor for life to Thomas Beaufort, and soon afterwards to Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, who rebuilt the palace, calling it Placentia, or the Manor of Pleasaunce. Edward IV. on its reverting to the crown, took pleasure in finishing and enlarging it, and in his reign the marriage of Richard, duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, was here solemnised, with much splendour. The marriage of Henry VIII and Catherine of Arragon, and of Mary, his sister, with Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, were also celebrated here. But more than all, "Queen Elizabeth was born at this place Sept. 7, 1533, and christened," says Sandford, "with great state on the Wednesday following, the duchess of Norfolk bearing her to the font. Her godfather was archbishop Cranmer, her godmothers the old duchess of Norfolk and the old marchioness of Dorset. Over the font, which was of silver, hung a square canopy of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, another being likewise borne over the child's head." It was afterwards her favourite summer residence, and many was the splendid fête here given. After Anne of Denmark, who enjoyed it later for life, Charles I made it an occasional residence. Changing hands, it became the property of Cromwell, and then of Charles II, in whose reign it was pulled down. A magnificent palace was intended to be erected on its site, but no more than a wing was ever completed; and at length the unfinished mansion of Charles II was converted into a hospital for seamen, founded by William and Mary. Thus out of a royal palace, Placentia, or the House of Pleasaunce, we have the present humane and politic institution.

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER VII.—THE PIC-A-PIC *(continued)*.

The young man whom the Visconti had been so intently watching was Maximilian de Chazal. He did not perceive her, but without pausing in his course, after casting somewhat of an audacious look upon Maria Sa, audacious or intelligent it was hard to say which, advanced towards the hall usually devoted to dancing. Just within the door of this apartment was a staircase leading to the upper part of the house, and whether he disappeared by this, or whether he turned elsewhere, it was hard to say.

"Leone," said Marietta Visconti, with unearthly calmness, "I thank thee; this must be seen out."

"Said I not he was false?" replied Leone de Chazal, still pale and anxious; "and now I have proved it."

"No," whispered Marietta, a woman's faith and enduring love yet whispering comfort, "not proved it. As yet I believe nothing. I must see, hear, and have no loophole for doubt, ere I condemn him."

"Maria," said Leone, bitterly, "as it seems we have to wait, another bottle."

Maria had momentarily disappeared; next moment she appeared, flushed and excited, from the long chamber.

"Another bottle," repeated Leone, eyeing her suspiciously; "what is become of the gallant Maximilian?"

Maria Sa looked at the flushed and anxious face of the lovely heiress, as she answered, "M. Maximilian de Chazal but crossed on his way to the Rue Brise-fer. He has left by our other door;" and Maria Sa served the wine calmly.

"Said I not give me proof?" said the Visconti, with uncontrolled delight, such as woman ever feels in the discovery of a beloved one's faith; "Leone, you do him wrong."

"Nay," said de Chazal, moodily, his whole frame quivering with passion and rage as he saw the returning loveliness of the Visconti at the very thought of Maximilian's truth, "saw you not the understanding between him and the quadroone? Believe me he is doubly false with maid and mistress."

"Neglect me for a quadroone," said the Visconti, proudly, and yet in under tones, while all her doubts and fears returned; "and yet can it be true?"

Leone replied not, for just at that moment the two men who had followed Maximilian seated themselves at no great distance. The position they occupied enabled these worthies to converse at their ease without attracting the attention of Luke Salem. They spoke in Spanish.

"Which is the girl?" said the elder of the two men.

"Yon waitress, your excellency."

"Faith, a lovely quadroone," continued the other, after surveying the young woman with curiosity. "I commend your wit, Pedro."

These two men wore the costume of the governor's body-guard, but speaking as they did in Spanish they did not affect much concealment, that language being as yet but little understood in Louisiana.

"Your excellency, I have as sharp an eye for beauty as for dollars. Leave me alone to ferret out where pretty girls keep themselves concealed. It is like everything else—a thing which requires experience, but your excellency gives me enough practice to bring me to perfection."

"Pedro, your tongue runs riot. But tell me—this quadroone is servant to the famous Marcella Zanetto, mistress of De Chazal."

"You hear," said Leone, without moving a muscle, and in tones which reached the two interlocutors.

"I do," continued the Visconti, her pale face still paler than ever.

"Of whom will pay her best, 'tis said. But I believe it not, your excellency," said Pedro, with a cynical smile. "Leone de Chazal is a boaster, and, I fear me, a liar. It was but yesterday night he boasted—"

"Be careful, Don Pedro Malanso," interrupted Leone, hurriedly, "walls have ears."

"Ah, Monsieur Leone," said the other, unabashed, "you will not deny what I have said."

"I deny nothing, Don Pedro, save that my name and that of Marcella Zanetto have any right to be coupled. My cousin, perhaps——"

"Maximilian," interrupted the Spaniard, while his companion studiously concealed his features, "is a noble youth, true as steel and as brave as a lion. Take my word for it, he flies at higher game, and, flying high, stoops not so low by the way."

"And this higher game?" said Leone, eagerly.

"The lovely Marietta Visconti, who else? All the town knows it."

"Is this Visconti so lovely?" said the coarse voice of the other trooper.

"So report says, your excellency," observed Don Pedro. "I never saw her. Don Leone here can speak more certainly."

"Your excellency," said Leone, annoyed, vexed, and confounded, "can have little interest in knowing. Your taste is more easily satisfied;" and he glanced expressively at the quadroone.

"Leone," whispered Marietta, now thoroughly alarmed at the position in which

she had so incautiously placed herself, "let us leave this place."

The governor (for this unscrupulous and licentious soldier it was who was addressed as "your excellency") had not been idle, though silent. His gaze had been directed towards Marietta, in the endeavour to penetrate her disguise. He saw enough to let him know that much beauty was concealed beneath her rough costume. His curiosity was piqued, and half forgetting the purpose of his visit to the Pic-a-pic, he determined not to lose sight of his new discovery.

"Your excellency," said Leone, who saw through and wished to turn his thoughts in another direction, speaking in a whisper, "are you aware that Luke Salem is in this room?"

"No," exclaimed Reilly, warmly, "where is the dog?"

"Hush, your excellency!" said Don Pedro, "we are in somewhat dangerous proximity to a host of rebellious creoles, and a discovery of your highness's rank might be fraught with peril."

"You are right, Don Pedro," said the other; "besides, I recollect me one purpose of this disguise."

Meanwhile, a short but rapid dialogue had taken place between Leone and Marietta, the upshot of which was that the latter agreed to test the truth of her lover, if necessary, by an appeal to Marcella herself. Blinded by jealousy and by the strangely unpatriotic conduct of Maximilian, she was ill prepared to repel the insinuations of his cousin, who had now openly avowed himself her suitor, giving as a reason that the conduct of Maximilian justified any extremities. It was now agreed that Leone should proceed alone to discover if the coast were clear, leaving Marietta a moment alone.

The young heiress availed herself of this temporary absence to carry out a plan of her own.

"Maria Sa," said she, "a word with you. Can I sup in a private room?"

"Everything for money, lady, here," said the quadroone, with a peculiar smile.

The Visconti rose and followed her.

"A splendid girl that," said the governor.

"The richest heiress in New Madrid," replied Don Pedro, using the name common among the Spaniards.

Maria Sa led her fair charge into a room which commanded a view of the whole parlour, but in itself private.

"What will you take for supper, madam?"

"Child," said the Visconti, warmly, and speaking with something of southern freedom, "am I mistaken in you, or are you pure, innocent?"

"As yourself!" replied the quadroone, sternly.

"Look not so fierce, girl, but listen. The Spanish governor and one of his men are in yon room; you see them near where I sat. They have a plot against a woman—I think, to bear her away this night. That woman is yourself."

"Merciful heaven!" cried the quadroone, turning pale. "And you, madam—a plot, a wicked plot, is formed against you.

"By whom, child?"

"By Leone de Chazal, who slew Paul de Chazal, and who would now murder the reputation of his brother."

"Child—Maria—quadroone," said Marietta, gasping for breath. "What mean you?—slew Paul de Chazal?"

"In this room, Leone, in a fit of drunken rage, pierced Paul de Chazal to the heart!"

There was a moment of silence. The Visconti began to see through the plot which had been carried out against her.

"Child, you speak warmly of Maximilian de Chazal."

"He is my brother.

"True, I forgot. Then Marcella Zanetto——"

"Is one who, as a dancer, has earned an unenviable reputation; she is, in reality poor and virtuous. Her guilt exists only in the false assertions of such men as Leone."

"Holy virgin, let me escape from this!"

"Wait here, lady, and we will leave together. My mission is accomplished."

With these words the beautiful quadroone glided from the room, and left the heiress alone to ponder on the events of that evening. Proud would Maximilian have been could he have read into her heart! The villainy of his cousin caused the whole course of her affection to tide back full and fresh to their original possessor, and sweet and gentle were the maiden's thoughts.

"Oh, lady!" said Maria Sa, rushing in wildly, "the entrances are guarded by Spanish troops, with strict orders for not living being to leave the place."

"Holy virgin," cried the Visconti, "are lost."

"Nay," said the voice of Leone, entering, "not lost, but found, fair lady."

"Leone de Chazal—base recreant," exclaimed the indignant girl, rising, and confronting him with a look, in which majesty and horror were strangely blended: "in this room, where by thy hand died thy cousin Paul, I spurn thee from me as a false and cowardly knave, who, to work out his own base ends, would sacrifice everything which other men look on as sacred and holy—not the tie of relationship—of friendship—nothing with thee is binding or powerful."

Leone stood confounded. In the very instant of the fruition of his hopes he found himself to be baulked. But he could not thus tamely resign a prize he had so dearly vowed to purchase.

"Marietta Visconti," he said, "what is the meaning of all this? How many more changes will take place in your will——"

"None, Leone de Chazal, away! I hold no communication with a murderer."

"Marietta," said Leone, his teeth clenched, his eyes glaring tiger-like, while his pale cheeks denoted more than all his fury and disappointment, "are you gone mad to tempt me thus? Know you that you speak to one who will dare all——"

"Aye, even murder."

"To you——I owe this," exclaimed he, turning furiously toward the quadroone.

"You owe me nothing, my lord, but the truth," said the girl, calmly.

Leone replied not, but left the room. As he turned to go, a smile of deep meaning passed across his features.

"Child," said the Visconti, seizing the quadroone's arm, "he means evil."

"Madam, I fear him not; nor need you. Put faith in me, and he shall not harm us."

"But in what way can you contend against his power—I fear me he and the Spanish governor will together carry out their purpose. See! they talk together; they look this way—Leone smiles a fiendish smile."

"Madam, we must claim *his* protection."

"Whose?"

"That of the Monk."

"But, child, how to find him—no messenger——"

"No messenger will be needed."

And the quadroone stepped across the room to where a huge gong was suspended from the ceiling. Taking up a heavy iron stick with which to strike it, Maria spoke.

"Madam, but little is required to save us. If I can give three distinct strokes, at intervals of five minutes each, we are beyond the power of Leone de Chazal."

"Then strike, in the name of heaven and mercy."

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD KEITH.

BY A FRENCH MARCHIONESS.

Milord Maréchal (I shall never be able to write that name without emotion) was, when I saw him at my uncle's, a handsome Scotchman, twenty-four years of age, intelligent, sensible, and grave. He came from England on a mission from the English Jacobites to the refugees, and he had political audiences at the Hotel de Breteuil, where he used to meet his uncles the Dukes of Perth and Melfort. If you wish to have an idea of his personal appearance, you must look at that charming portrait of the handsome Caylus, the favourite of Henry III, which you inherited from the Connetable de Lesdiguieres, and which is among our pictures in a gift frame encrusted with amethysts. (Be it said, in speaking of this picture, that Henry III had forgotten it in his oratory at Chenonceaux, and it was queen Louise de Vaudemont who presented it to the constable.) The young lord fell in love with your grandmother, then a young girl, and not devoid (according to other people) of attractions. We began by looking at one another, first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last with emotion. Next we used to listen to the conversation of each other, without being able to answer a word, and then neither could speak at all in the presence of the other, owing to our voices at first trembling, and then failing us altogether. So, to make a long story short, he one day said to me, apropos to nothing, "If I dared to fall in love with you, would you ever forgive me?" "I should be enchanted," said I, and we relapsed into our usual formal silence, bestowing as many looks as we could upon one another, and our eyes beaming with radiant happiness. In this manner did we spend six weeks or two months, looking without speaking, each day bringing increased delight. My aunt permitted him to give me some lessons in Spanish, not English; for, in fact, at that time no one thought of learning English, nor any other northern language. The people of the north learnt French, but the French learnt only Italian or Castillian. Milord Georges spoke Spanish and Italian quite as well as French, that is to say, perfectly. He came once, and sat upon a bench behind mine, for a young lady in my day was never installed in a chair with a back, much less in an arm chair. As the lessons which he gave me never took place except in the Hotel de Breteuil, under the eye of my aunt, and in the presence of numerous spectators, there was no reason why my cousin Emilie should take offence; and yet this was always the case. Milord Georges had translated into French for me (after the English fashion, in blank verse, that is to say, without rhyme, but not without reason) a charming stanza that his father had written for him, and which I often in my thoughts apply to you:—

"When first thy wakening eyes beheld the light,
Thou wert in tears, whilst those around thee smiled;
So live, that when thy spirit takes its flight,
Thine be the smiles and theirs the tears, my child."

He related to me one evening with great glee, the adventures of some Dutch heiress

who had eloped with an English Orangeman; her parents had put in the London papers, that if she would not return, at least to send back the key of the tea-caddy, which she had carried away with her! This set me off laughing, upon which Mdlle. de Preuilly fancied we were making game of her, when I am sure she was not even in our thoughts. Emilie uttered thereon some remarks, and this decided the young lord to make a proposal of marriage for me, which was immediately submitted to my grandmother (of whom I have lately spoken), and my aunt De Breteuil-Charmeaux, the coward, who shrieked at the idea, because the Marischal of Scotland must be a Protestant! I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me suddenly and so grievously, that I cannot even now dwell on it without shuddering, and without having a bitter recollection of wh: suffered. We ascertained however, that he was a Calvinist, and he said so himself; and Heaven is my witness that from that moment I do not hesitate. I refused the hand of Milord Maréchal: and two days afterwards he set off to return to his own country; from whence he wrote to my aunt to say, that grief and despair would lead him to acts which would bring him to the scaffold. There, my dear child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except M. de Créquy, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve. When we met again, after a lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. We had never ceased thinking of one another; our hearts had been so devotedly attached, that they remained replete with sentiments which at first made us melancholy, but were afterwards a source of the highest gratification. There is a world of difference between the love which has endured throughout a lifetime, and that which burnt fiercely in our youth, and there paused. In the latter case, time has not laid bare defects, nor taught the bitter lesson of mutual failings; a delusion has existed on both sides, which experience has not destroyed, and delighting in the idea of each other's perfections, that thought has seemed to smile on both with unspeakable sweetness, till, when we meet in grey old age, feelings so tender, so pure, and so solemn arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable. The visits of the Marischal of Scotland took place in the presence of Madame de Nevers, and it moved her to the depths of her soul. You were born then, my dear grandson! and the Maréchal was seventy years of age. "Listen," said he, "listen to the only French verses I ever composed, and perhaps to the only reproaches that were ever addressed to you:

"Un trait, lancé par caprice
M'atteignit dans mon printemps!
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encor sous mes cheveux blancs.
Craignez les maux qu'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose,
Et que l'épine a blessé."

From those proud eyes two or three tears trickled down his venerable cheeks. "Are you going again immediately to join the king?" said I; "shall we be separated for ever?—will you never be converted to the true faith?" "I am *des votres* after, as before," said he, with beautiful simplicity. "I have ever loved you too well not to embrace your religion—what religion can equal that which gives us strength to make self sacrifices? In fact, I have become a Catholic, and I am Catholic in spirit and in truth." This announcement from so noble an old man has been the joy and comfort of the rest of my life!

NEW ENGLAND SUPERNATURALISM.

By G. J. Whittier.

I.—DEATH WARNINGS.—THE BURIED TREASURE SEEKERS.

"Our superstitions twine
Each with the next, until a line
They weave, that through each varied stage
Runs on from infancy to age,
Linking the spring with summer weather,
And chaining youth and years together."—*Scott.*

Something of that deeply-wrought superstition of our Scotch and Irish ancestors, embodied in their Banshee and Bodach Glas, the melancholy spectral presage of coming death, beautiful in the melody of Moore and the romance of Scott, still exists in New England. A writer in the N. A. Review of 1832, alluding to this subject, says: "Our minds involuntarily turn to the instance in which the early death of one of the brightest sons of genius in this city (Boston) was revealed at the moment of its occurrence to his venerable father, himself sinking under the pressure of infirmity, at a distance from home. We have also heard, on authority which we cannot question, another instance, in which a lady of no vulgar mind communicated to her friends her impression of the death of a favourite daughter, from whom she had long been separated, and where the impression justified the event."

Two similar instances have occurred in my immediate vicinity. During the late war with Great Britain, a sloop of war was lost on Lake Erie, and among those who perished was Lieut. C——, of Salisbury. On the night of the event, his brother, who had just retired to rest, was

startled by a loud hoarse gurgling sound, like that produced by the plunging of a heavy mass in water. He left his bed instantly, and declared his conviction that his brother had just been drowned in the like. A circumstance of the same nature occurred in the case of Capt. B——, of this town, who was last year drowned near Eastport. The memory, probably, of every reader will recur to some parallel case.

As might be expected, in a community like ours, attempts are not unfrequently made to speculate in the supernatural—to "make gain of soothsaying." In the autumn of last year, a "wise woman" dreamed, or somnambulised, that a large sum of money, in gold and silver coin, lay buried in the centre of the great swamp in Poplin, N. H., whereupon an immediate search was made for the precious metal. Under the bleak sky of November, in biting frost and sleet-rain, some twenty or more of grown men, graduates of our "common schools," and liable, every mother's son of them, to be made deacons, squires, and General Court members, and such other drill officers as may be requisite in the "match of mind," might be seen delving in grim earnest, breaking the frozen earth, up-rooting swamp-maples and hemlocks, and waking, with sledge and crow-bar, unwonted echoes in a solitude which had heretofore only answered to the woodman's axe, or the scream of the wild fowl. The snows of December put an end to their labours; but the yawning excavation still remains, a silent but somewhat expressive commentary upon the "Age of Progress."

Still later, in one of our Atlantic cities, an attempt was made, partially at least successful, to form a company for the purpose of digging for money on one of the desolate sand-keys of the West Indies. It appears that some mesmerised "subject," in the course of one of those somnambulic voyages of discovery, in which the traveller, like Satan in Chaos:

> "O'er bog, o'er steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,"

while peering curiously into the earth's mysteries, chanced to have his eyes gladdened by the sight of a huge chest packed with Spanish coins, the spoil, doubtless, of some rich-freighted argosy, or Carthagena galleon, in the rare days of queen Elizabeth's christian buccaneers. Who, after this, shall set limits to Yankee faith in—money-getting?

A curious affair of this kind astonished the worthy citizens of Rye, N. H., last spring. Rye is a small farming and fishing town, looking out upon the broad Atlantic; and, in the summer season, with its green headlands jutting into the ocean, its fine white beach, relieved in the background by dark green woods, through which peer out the white walls of farm-houses; it is deservedly held in high estimation as a quiet and beautiful place of resort from the unmitigated heats of the inland. In the winter and spring its inhabitants are almost entirely left to themselves. In early March, however, of this year, a double sleigh drove to the door of Elder Philbrick, a worthy old gentleman, whose attention is by turns occupied with the duties of a landlord and publican, the oversight and direction of half-a-dozen fishing-smacks, and the untying of knotty texts of scripture. It deposited four of its passengers—three long solemn-looking men with hair hanging down around their lank visages "like pounds of candles," and a female figure, closely muffled and veiled. They bespoke lodgings of the Elder, who was not a little puzzled to divine why his guests had chosen such an inappropriate season for their visit. Early the next morning, however, the good man was still more amazed to see the whole party wend their way to the beach, where one of them appeared engaged in performing some mystical incantation over the veiled figure, moving his hands in a mysterious manner above her head, and describing strange circles in the air before her. They soon returned to their lodgings, conducted the woman to her room, and having borrowed the Elder's shovels and crowbar, immediately commenced digging with great diligence in the spot which had been occupied by the veiled mystery, only abandoning their work as the night closed around them. The same ceremony was acted over again the next morning; and Elder P., deeming it his duty as a Christian man to enquire into the matter, was gravely informed that his visitors were in search of a large sum of money, which the veiled woman had seen in the magnetic sleep, a few feet below the surface of the beach! The search continued for three or four weeks; the muffled Pythoness perversely changing the location of the treasure, now to the right and anon to the left of the previous day's excavation, wearying alike the souls and bodies of her companions with "hope deferred" and hard delving. They were at length reluctantly compelled to relinquish their object, and depart sorrowfully and heavy at heart, yet firm in their faith that they were leaving behind them a treasure reserved for some more fortunate experimenters in somnambulism and second sight.

Blushing.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

THE LATE HOUR SYSTEM.

The evils that must inevitably attach to a practice so repugnant to the best interests —moral and physical—of the classes affected by the 'late hours' to which attention in business is too generally protracted are now, it must be said, beginning to attract consideration. So palpable are the injuries sustained on the one side, and so trivial the benefits derived on the other, from the infliction of those injuries, that it may well be deemed surprising how such a system could either have obtained, or once called into existence, could so long have been endured unchecked. Yet, comparatively speaking, this matter seems to have been regarded hitherto only with criminal indifference, or sustained with hopeless endurance—and that too by those most intimately concerned.

The linen-drapers' assistants seem to have suffered deeper, perhaps, than any other class of men in this respect. The nature of their vocation is such as to afford little opportunity in itself for moral or intellectual culture, and gives little occasion for the exercise of the higher qualities of the mind. And the daily limits of this wearying occupation have been so fearfully extended as to allow no time for the development of the noblest faculties—no time for the culture of the humanising influences of the affections. From the counter to the bed—from the bed to the counter—week-beginning to week-ending—would seem, to one capable of conceiving the monotonous character of such a life, anything but that training which a human being should receive. Calculated as such a system must be to induce the feeble frame—the vapid intellect—to do its frightful part in the extinction of life and reason, still more must it be condemned, because it can only foster the desire for sensual enjoyment in its unhappy victims; because its natural tendency must be to leave them, during the brief intervals of leisure allowed, in a condition only to appreciate the excitement arising from pernicious and debasing pleasures. We say it is too generally the case as we have stated it, the exceptions are numerically perhaps many, but still in the aggregate sadly too few. To a system of 'late hours' in business are to be attributed consequences that a benevolent, a rightly-constituted mind must shudder at, while contemplating. Owing to it, and to it alone, thousands of young men are absolutely denied the time in which to become virtuous. Such effects follow from a known, a too palpably demoralising cause. The degeneration that it alone can produce is attested by the daily observation of every one. And now the evil has found itself a voice, and begins to utter loudly the necessity, as well as the justice of ensuring its destruction, it becomes the duty of any, who by talent or position can effect any influence upon the subject, to exert themselves at the present juncture.

THE LARK.

[A Bohemian Ballad. Translated by EDWARD KENEALY.]

A gentle maid is weeding hemp
In her master's fields: she cries;
And a singing lark inquires
Why the tears are in her eyes.

Little kindly-hearted lark,
Well may I weep all the day;
They have borne my own dear love
To the mountain tower away.

Had I but a pen I'd write
To my love a letter fair;
Thou dear little kindly lark,
On thy wings the note would'st bear.

But I have not ink nor pen,
Note of love I cannot send;
Little lark, fly, sing and tell
All I suffer to my friend.

[The foregoing is quoted from the April number of the *Dublin University Magazine*. We trust to be excused for adding a few stanzas which do not occur in the Bohemian original, nor singularly enough, in Mr. Kenealy's translation.]

When the lark thus heard her speak,
He, with wish her woes to still,
To his wing applied his beak,
And drew out the largest quill.

Then a blue-bell flower he chose,
And a rose leaf pure and white;
And he gave her all of those,
So that she her love might write.

When he brought her, for her use,
Things so fit to form a note,
She her pen in blue-bell juice
Dipped, and on the rose leaf wrote,

Wrote a letter full of grief,
Framed into a lovely sonnet;
Gently twisted up the leaf,
And for seals dropped kisses on it.

And with many a grateful word,
(Grateful words were well his due),
Then she gave it to the bird,
And into the tower he flew.

Took it to her love who there
Pined within a prison cell;
And it soothed his lone despair,
Telling that she loved him well.

Oft and oft he kissed the boon;
Thanked the bird with all his heart;
And he wrote an answer soon,
Full of love in every part.

Sent it to the maid, who, nigh
Mad with joy, made this remark,
As she read it o'er—"Oh my!
Isn't this a precious lark!"

T. H. SEALY, in *Great Western Advertiser*.

Coals.—We learn from Stow, that in the time of Edward I, the nobility and gentry, who resorted to London, made a remonstrance to the king against what they called "the sore annoyance and danger of contagion growing by reason of the stench of burning sea-cole."

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER VI.—THE BANDIT'S INN.

"And so," said the captain, who with his comrades had paid earnest attention to the gossiping story of the barber's; "and so, sir, you mean to establish yourself at Madrid with the capital mentioned. Permit me to drink a bumper to your success. Your health, sir, and that of your niece."

"My niece," replied the barber, "don't drink wine, but that matters little, for I can drink for two. Fill your glasses to the brim, gentlemen," continued the little man, gaily; "here's to your health, landlord, and to yours also, gentlemen." The barber then tossed off his tumbler, and smacking his lips, exclaimed "This is nectar indeed! I, who prided myself on knowing the qualities of every wine, must confess that I am puzzled in this instance. Is it from the vineyards of Spain?"

"No," replied the captain, "you are out in your sorcery this time, that wine is the vintage of France."

"Indeed!" stammered the barber, with evident vexation at the want of judgment he had betrayed. "Well, that is strange, I who seldom err in the opinions I express."

"Is it so, really?" chimed in the captain and his comrades.

"I assure you," continued the barber, elated with the wine, and speaking like an oracle, "I assure you there is scarcely a single thing that I have foretold, which has not come to pass in the end. I predicted that evil would befal my neighbour Truxillo, when he got married to a pretty woman—and I was right, sure enough! One morning I predicted that the corregidor Calzado would receive some personal injury, and in the evening they brought him home with a broken arm."

"That's very true, uncle," timidly interrupted the little Juanita, "but you omit to mention that you saw him in the morning pass your door, mounted on a vicious mule."

"What matters that?" rejoined the barber; "are there not multitudes of vicious mules in the world? Isn't the mule that we ourselves drove, a vicious mule? and yet my arm is not broken! And again, look you," continued the little man, merrily filling his glass; but here the captain interrupted him, by exclaiming—

"By St. James I will put your skill to the test!—Tell me my fortune!"

"With pleasure," responded the barber; "give me your hand."

"Here you have it."

After examining it very attentively, the prophet of Pampeluna exclaimed—"Confound it! that French wine of yours has certainly obscured my organs of vision. Either I am wrong in my science, else do I read on that hand of yours something so preposterously strange and contradictory, that I barely like revealing what I read."

"Never mind, let's have it, whatever it is," said the captain.

"It won't frighten you?" asked the barber.

"Nothing on earth can frighten me," replied the bandit.

"Well, then," continued the barber, in a hesitating tone, "one line on your hand clearly proclaims that you will be burnt to death, and again another unequivocally shows that you will be hanged! However, as one line manifestly contradicts the other, you needn't be alarmed for the result. It is obvious that you can't die two deaths, and, therefore, my prediction is at fault." And here the barber laughed outright at his own wit. But the barber was the only one who laughed, the captain's comrades knowing full well that one portion of the prophecy was extremely likely to be fulfilled. The captain was the only one unmoved by this hap-hazard augury of the barber's, and filling a fresh glass, asked him if, in his prophetic wisdom, he could not foretell his own destiny.

"As for that," said the philosophic barber, "the contemplation of the future has never disturbed my slumbers. I can tell you now, gentlemen, without the aid of sorcery, what will befal me to-night and to-morrow!"

Piquillo trembled, and the captain turned pale, but, collecting himself almost immediately, solicited Gongarello to proceed with his prediction.

"Where," said he, "is it that you read your own destiny for to-night and the morrow?"

"By Jupiter!" answered the philosopher, "I read it, sir landlord, in that physiognomy of yours. I perceive there that, in highly exemplary company, I have made an excellent dinner, and have swallowed choice wine pretty profusely. In these 'great facts,' however, there is nothing particularly uncomfortable; but I look to the sequel, sir—yes, it is the sequel that makes me feel monstrous uneasy."

The captain's hot blood got chilled by this remark.

"Yes," continued the barber, "it is the expression of your face that disturbs my equanimity. I can read there as plain as a pikestaff, that you are a merry and yet a calculating man. You reckon on making me pay heavily for my whistle to-night, for this splendid entertainment. But look you, Mr. Landlord, I tell you candidly be-

forehand, I am not to be hoccussed." And here again the barber laughed at his own sagacity, whilst the captain, for the first time in his life, turned pale, and the cold sweat absolutely trickled down his brow. "Ah, sir," added the barber, "that face of yours betrays care and fatigue. Doubtless we have kept you up too late to-night, and we should all be the better for a little repose. Let us go to bed."

"Well, to be candid with you, sir," said the captain, "I am quite of your opinion;" and then, turning to poor Piquillo, who stood behind him in agonised suspense, he added—"Piquillo, go and prepare for this gentleman and his niece the damask chamber, and hasten back to conduct them thither."

Piquillo took the captain's dark lantern, and went on his errand. But scarcely had he left the room before he stopped in utter despair, hesitating what course to pursue in this sad emergency. At the risk of his life he determined, if possible, to save Juanita from the fate that awaited her. But how was he to accomplish it? To what source could he fly for succour? The young girl and her uncle, unconscious of their imminent danger, had no other defender, no other guardian but a boy! Alone, too, against a host of bandits, and with only a few fleeting moments to arrange his thoughts and plans. Gathering up his energies he ascended the steps leading to the fatal room. It was on the first flight, and the door faced a long and narrow passage. In arranging the chamber for the reception of the guests, he sought, but unsuccessfully, for some clue to the danger with which he felt convinced it was fraught. In his agitation he upset the light, which, without getting extinguished, rolled on the floor. On stooping to pick it up, and blundering about, partly in the dark, he thought he felt a sort of groove in the planks surrounding the bed. He applied the lantern to it, and there sure enough he beheld a kind of trap-door encircling each of the beds in the room. Nor was the groove skilfully dove-tailed, for a current of air came cutting through the orifice. Here, thought he, lies somehow the hidden secret. He felt assured that if Juanita and her uncle once entered that fatal chamber, they would never leave it alive. And that which added not a little to his misery, was the reflection that he was the chosen guide to lead them to this horrible destruction.

"Never, never," he mentally exclaimed, as the terrible idea crossed his fevered brain. He rushed from the room, frantic with these reflections, and passed into the narrow passage with despair. But what was his dismay, when by the glimmering light of the lantern he discovered at the farther end of the passage, the lieutenant Carlo, who, coming from the upper-story of the inn, with a poniard in his hand, closed the door of the passage, thus cutting off all hope of retreat. The lieutenant had seen him enter the passage, and poor Piquillo had no weapon whatever to defend himself withal, not even the handy knife which had proved so serviceable to him on a former occasion. He felt his hair stand on end, and, in the full bitterness of his anguish, he bore in mind that his own death would inevitably involve the destruction of Juanita, his early benefactress. Moreover, he knew right well that he had no quarter to expect at the hands of his savage adversary; nor, indeed, did it ever occur to him to beseech his pity. Instinctively, however, he closed the lantern, and instantly all was in utter darkness. Carlo advanced towards him, and Piquillo, shrinking close against the wall, calculated by the noise occasioned by his footsteps, the proximity of his opponent. He fancied he almost felt the cold blade of the dagger. The lieutenant all but touched him, and Piquillo trembled at the very sound of his voice.

"That little rascal Piquillo," he muttered, "was here, I am certain. But he wasn't alone, I think. There were two. Yes, certainly, there were two. I, who thought I should have only one to despatch—but never mind, the more the merrier."

The bold lieutenant, be it said *en passant*, was in that amiable condition in which folks see double. He could scarcely speak, and lurched like a ship, knocking himself against the sides of the passage. It was evident that the convalescent had quite forgotten his homily, touching the virtues of moderation in wine. At length, stumbling against Piquillo, he seized him by the shoulder, and his affrighted victim gave himself up for lost. At this ticklish crisis he heard the dagger drop, which the lieutenant had held loosely in his hand. Piquillo picked it up, but not with the intention of using it murderously. After a brief pause, the lieutenant hallooed out, in a maudlin voice—"Halloo, there! is Piquillo down below?"

"He is," replied Piquillo, in a feigned tone.

"Well, then, hark you, comrade, be so good as to send him up to me in my room?"

"Yes," answered Piquillo; "but you are *not* in your room."

"Egad," added Carlo, pottering about in the dark, "I believe you are right. In that case, my friend, just show me the way to it, like a good chap; for hang me if these walls here don't seem to me to be perpe-

tually turning round and round, with my room into the bargain."

"See, here is your room," said Piquillo, shoving the lieutenant into the door hard by, which led to the fatal chamber. Carlo, stumbling in the dark, rolled up against the bed and threw himself on it, mumbling —"Confound the thing—it is very strange. My bed used to be on the other side of the room, but hang me if every thing don't seem to have turned topsy-turvy to-day."

Piquillo listened attentively till the lieutenant fell asleep. Now, thought he, this is my only chance of serving them. Having locked the lieutenant in, he went boldly back to the dining-hall, where the captain awaited his return impatiently.

"Well, sir?" said the captain, inquiringly.

"Sir," rejoined Piquillo, "the room is prepared for the guests, and I am ready to conduct them to it."

"That's all right," exclaimed the barber; "we are quite at your service."

And forthwith he took possession of his chest, and Piquillo, pale and immovable, betrayed the anxiety he felt. The captain perceived his consternation and approached him. Piquillo thought his last hope had vanished; but instead of the brutal manner in which he was usually accosted, the captain addressed him mildly, and in an under tone.

"Oh, oh! you see through it, at last, then? That is right; but on the next occasion it would be as well for you to pluck up more courage. However, for the first attempt it is not so bad after all."

"We are ready to go, my young friend," said the barber. "Good night, gentlemen. We will settle the account to-morrow, landlord."

"To-morrow," replied the captain, gravely, "all accounts will be settled. Your room is ready—good night. For my own part I must sit up yet awhile to attend upon these gentlemen over their wine." He shook hands with his guests, and then said to Piquillo, "Show them their room, and go to bed—I will attend to the rest."

Piquillo guided them up to the steps, but was ascending so fast that the barber called out to him not to be in a hurry.

"What's the matter?" cried the captain, opening the door of the dining-room.

On hearing his voice, Piquillo paused and answered, explaining the cause of the barber's exclamation.

"Is that all?" rejoined the captain, once more closing the door.

Piquillo breathed once more on hearing the door shut, but on reaching the room in which he had deposited the drunken lieutenant, he could not help pausing to take breath.

"Is this the room?" said the barber.

"Oh, no!" replied Piquillo, endeavouring to hide his emotions, and ascending the second flight of steps.

The barber and his niece were somewhat startled by the strange conduct of their guide. At length they reached the garret where Piquillo slept. He begged them to enter, and after shutting the door, he checked the barber, who was about to address him.

"Silence!" said he; "silence, or you are a lost man!"

On hearing this, the barber's gaiety instantly forsook him.

"Lost! lost!" he cried; nor could he utter a word beyond these distracting monosyllables.

"Juanita," exclaimed Piquillo, "do you not recollect me?"

"No," replied the girl, gazing attentively at him.

"Have you forgotten the two poor little beggars you saved from hunger about two years back?"

"What! Pedralvi's friend?" inquired the girl, blushing deeply.

"Yes. Pedralvi — my friend—my old companion. What has become of him?"

"Since the period of which you speak, he remained with us at the Golden Sun, and wept bitterly when I left, predicting—alas! too truly—that harm would befall us."

"No; never as long as I am by your side. Listen to me."

And forthwith he made them acquainted with the kind of inn they were inhabiting —what was the captain's calling, and their chances of escape.

"They are by this time all gone to bed," said he, "and will sleep for an hour or so. The captain will then, in all likelihood, descend into the cellar. Then will be the time for us, also, to quit this horrible dwelling. How we are to accomplish this, I must confess I don't exactly perceive at present, but be quiet here while I keep watch."

He then left the barber and his niece, more dead than alive, and descending a few steps, lay in a recumbent position, eagerly listening to ascertain the movements below. Some considerable time elapsed before he heard the bandits betake themselves severally to their rooms. He then descended to the ground-floor, and listened again. Presently he heard a door inside the dining-hall opened. Entering the room stealthily, he saw the captain going down into the cave, and leaving the door of it wide open. Piquillo double-barred it, locking the captain in. Having secured the bunch of keys that hung to the door, he hurried back to the garret where he had left his friends.

"Now," said he, "we have not a moment

to lose—follow me. Doubtless among these keys we shall find one that will open the gate that leads into the wood. Failing that, it is all over with us."

"Saving," said Juanita, "to commit ourselves to Heaven."

As for the barber, he was speechless.

"What shall we do," cried the young girl, "about our cart and mule?"

"You must think no more of such things," rejoined Piquillo. "It will be as much as we can do to save ourselves. We shall have to wander about the wood all night; and, perhaps, in the morning, we may find some refuge and protection."

"Ah! you are our protector," exclaimed Juanita, throwing her arms round Piquillo's neck.

"This is not the time," added he, "for thanksgiving. As yet, I have done nothing for you; pray hasten, and follow me."

"Oh, yes," replied Juanita, "let us hurry away. Our time is short, indeed; and you, uncle, lie there, heedless of our impending fate."

Gongarello would willingly have acted promptly on this timely summons, but that was out of his power. He hung down his head and closed his eyes. Urged by fear, he would gladly have aroused himself; but his legs refused their office, and heavy sleep overcame him. At length, after struggling for a while against its influence, and exhausted with the effort, he fell flat upon the bundles of straw, and was instantly—to the horror and surprise of his companions—fast asleep! All their efforts were in vain to awake him from this strange slumber. He blubbered forth a few incomprehensible words—that was all.

"Ah!" said Piquillo, "it is that wine that has done it—that wine of French vintage, as it was called! In order to run no risk, to render their victim powerless, they have, no doubt, drugged it."

"I see—I see it now," exclaimed the frightened Juanita; "what will become of us?"

"Even if we tried," said Piquillo, "it would be impossible for both our united strength to lift that heavy weight of your uncle. All now left for me to do is to secure your safety—you, my dear benefactress. Haste—haste then, and follow me. Already have we lost too much of our too precious time!"

"No!" emphatically rejoined the maiden; "whatever may happen, I will never desert my uncle."

"And as for myself," replied Piquillo, "whatever peril befalls us, I will never desert you; we will die together."

And thereupon he seated himself by her side on the straw; and Juanita, crossing her arms over her breast, began muttering certain words, incomprehensible to her young companion.

"What *are* you saying?" asked Piquillo.

"I am beseeching succour of the God of my Fathers—the God of Mahomet; for my uncle, myself, and Pedralvi, are descended from the Moors of Grenada."

"And I, also!" chimed in Piquillo, joyously. "The bandits told me so when they discovered some Arabic hieroglyphics marked on my arm."

"It is well," earnestly added the girl; "child of the forsaken thou shalt die with thy brethren!"

"It is a better destiny," said he, "than to live alone, uncared for in this world!"

At this crisis a great uproar was heard in the house. Down in the cellar a desperate struggle had commenced between the captain and lieutenant, the latter, although in a state of inebriety, was aroused from his lethargy by the descent of his bed; and although he barely knew where he was going, he had an impression that he was being murdered. Immediately on alighting he leapt from his bed, and flew at the throat of his supposed assailant, who, anticipating no resistance whatever, was thrown by his adversary, and in the fall the light got extinguished. The two combatants rolled on the floor, and as their physical strength was pretty equal, the tussle for mastery was fierce in the extreme, the more so that Piquillo had robbed the lieutenant of his poniard, and the captain's pistol had fallen from his side in the commencement of the conflict. The terrible uproar below awoke the bandits above.

"Help! help!" exclaimed Carnego; "the alguazils have, no doubt, got into the house, and are attacking the captain. Burst open the door, my fine fellows!"

Some armed with pick-axes, and others with implements ready at hand, vigorously went to work, and the noise they thus created was that which reached the two captives in the garret; for, as for the third, he was incapable of hearing anything.

"We have no hope left," said Piquillo, leaning over the staircase; "all the brigands are up rioting about the house, and if they come in this direction we can have no escape."

He gazed at Juanita vacantly, and the poor girl, overcome with fear, exclaimed, appealing to Piquillo, "Oh, save me! save me!" and then looking to her uncle, she added, "Fool that I am to dream of it—I see it is impossible."

"No, no," cried Piquillo, struck with a sudden happy thought.

The garret in which they were ensconced had but one window looking upon the forest; Piquillo pushed open the shutter, and, by the rays of the sun, Juanita saw the tops of the trees waving in the wind.

"You perceive," said her young companion, "we have but one source of escape."

"I see," said the girl, approaching the window. "Thank Heaven the height is immense, and if they persecute us here, we have the alternative of throwing ourselves into the abyss below."

"No, no," replied Piquillo, "there is no occasion for that, but we may escape by descending that same abyss."

"And what is to become of my uncle?" asked the girl.

"I will undertake also to save him," was the reply.

"But how?"

"See," said he, pointing to the rope and pulley with which the bandits were in the habit of hoisting the hay and straw into the garret. "If," added he, "you are not afraid to make the attempt, and will trust yourself to me—"

"I will—I will," boldly interrupted the girl.

Immediately on hearing this courageous remark he passed a slip-knot round her person, and commenced lowering her gently, previously cautioning her to shut her eyes, and on her safe arrival on *terra firma* to intimate to him the fact by jerking the rope. Presently she disappeared in the darkness, and then, after a while, the weight was released, and he pulled up the rope easily. Now was it the barber's turn to undergo the same operation. He was awakened with difficulty, but without intimating to him the perilous journey he had to perform, Piquillo launched him in the same way he had adopted with his niece, holding with difficulty the awkward weight he had now to manage. In due time he felt a heavy bump, assuring him of the safe descent of his charge, and the rope, released by Juanita, once more ascended. Piquillo securely fastened one end of it to a beam in the garret, and boldly ventured out, sliding down it.

"Are you there?" he asked, on his arrival, in a low voice.

"Yes, brave young man," said Gongarello, who spoke much more distinctly than Piquillo had reason to expect. But the fact was, a lucky incident had greatly revived the barber.

"I can never," said he, "forget the substantial services you have rendered me, my young friend."

"Silence," answered Piquillo, checking the exuberance of his gratitude, and reminding him that although they were out of the inn, they were still within reach of their relentless enemies. The day was about to dawn, and their wisest course would be to penetrate as deep as they could, during the darkness, into the heart of the forest. The barber readily acquiesced in all these prudent projects, and it was evident that with the return of his reasoning faculties, he was again paralysed with fear. A fearful altercation in the house added not a little to the apprehensions of the fugitives. Without the slightest knowledge of the locality, they entered the dense forest, and walked for a full hour straight before them. At the expiration of that time the barber declared he could proceed no farther. His legs gave way under him, and again he was overpowered by sleep.

"What! again?" exclaimed Piquillo, despairingly.

The barber made no answer, but prostrating himself on the moss, and closing his eyes, fell into a disturbed sleep. Piquillo in vain attempted to arouse him from this untimely fit of lethargy, and while he was so occupied, Juanita exclaimed, clasping Piquillo by the hand—

"Listen, listen—do you not hear that noise? It must be those dreadful people in pursuit of us!"

Piquillo listened attentively, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs. "Yes," he added, "it is them, no doubt."

"And galloping this way too!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The influence of women on man is all powerful, for better or for worse. Whether it become an antagonist or a helper, depends as much on the manner in which it is used, as it does on the nature of the influence itself. It must not merely be virtuous, but it must be exercised virtuously (as becometh the female character), gently and indirectly, for its very essence is mannerism. Its very nature and power (which God has implanted) is *winning* not *controling*; immediately it aims at not being *direct*, it becomes an usurper, instead of an ally; but the energetic and mistaken woman may well wonder why her influence is not so agreeable and useful to the sovereign she herself dethrones, as is the mild, friendly, and genial sway, the less intellectual but more gentle possesses over her lord. This arises from the relative position of man and wife, which can admit of no other influence than that which nature has constituted, and revelation sanctioned; and punished in the consequences will be that woman who forms any austere and mistaken notions of duty, or from natural disposition, attempts to exercise an influence incompatible with her position as a wife, and her nature as a woman. The experience of all must have led them to observe among their acquaintances the pernicious effects of the one kind of influence,

and the joyful consequences of the other. Mr. R. and Mr. S. were both young men of promising talent, pleasing manners, and good temper; they both possessed sufficient energy, and modest confidence, to battle with the difficulties of life, and they were both about equally looked up to by their companions as possessing sound opinions, and clear judgments. In short, they were both in the path to virtuous fame. But they married, and mark the difference of their fate. Their wives were both intellectual women, but how different were their dispositions and manners, and how widely different has been their influence on their husbands. Mr. R. retains all the activity and energy of his youth: his face beams with happiness and hope; his heart is light, and his temper unruffled. His commercial enterprises are brilliant with success, for his resolves are never weakened, his intentions never thwarted, his hopes never dampened by opposition at his own fireside. His debates in the Senate (to which he has risen) are marked by nobleness of conception, by firmness of purpose, by benevolence of intention, by happy expectations, which bespeak the genial atmosphere in which he lives. The fact is, his home is peace and concord; he never hears there the language of opposition, but only of suggestion; the tone of rebuke and insinuation never ruffles his spirits, and he leaves his house to enter the world of commerce, or the hall of legislation, with all the kindly feelings which the encouragement and confidence and cooperation of a gentle and confiding wife are so eminently calculated to inspire. But how is it now with the equally sensible and deserving Mr. S.? Alas, how despirited he seems! How lost at times in abstraction! With what hesitation he now acts and speaks. How careful, and almost fearful, he is, lest what he says should be opposed. How seldom now are we benefited by anything from his pen. How seldom invited to hear his once cheerful and instructed converse at his own fire-side. How lethargic in business; how fearful of action; and how infirm of purpose; how unsettled and unhappy; and yet this man is still in himself as wise, and amiable, and courageous, and talented as ever; but his wife assumes a direct influence. She unintentionally prostrates him, by vainly endeavouring to raise herself. Her constant opposition to his views creates in him a fear of advancing his own. The contentions that occasionally arise irritate his feelings. He perceives how lightly she estimates him by her constant dissent from his judgment. His spirits are depressed—his pride wounded—his heart made sad. His love holds contest with his judgment, and as a man (a moral, independent, noble man) he sinks. His wife, in foolishly endeavouring to "make him" (him who was already so nobly made) has undone him.

Reviews.

History of Civilisation. By William Alexander Mackinnon, M.P., F.R.S. 2 vols. [Longman and Co.]

It is with much pleasure we have observed the numerous works of great value and research which have within these last few years issued from the press, and among these we may justly reckon the volumes now before us, which are as full of learning as they are of amusing instruction. The work was conceived and has been carried out in a very good spirit, and reflects the highest credit on the author's taste and judgment. Not that we entirely concur with all Mr. Mackinnon's conclusions; far from it, as we will endeavour to show in the course of this notice. We shall follow as nearly as possible the plan of the work, which commences with the state of civilisation among the ancients, then takes a survey of English history from William the Conqueror to the present day, and in the third part contains an outline of the course of events among foreign nations. In a very ably-written introduction Mr. Mackinnon has given us his theory of civilisation and public opinion, and has brought it before the minds of his readers with great precision and clearness; and, contrary to the general practice, he has not tired us with unnecessary disquisitions, but in his short and concise introduction has fully proved his theory of civilisation and public opinion, of the different classes of society, giving to the middle its just position, and also of government. With regard to the state of civilisation among the ancients we do not concur with Mr. Mackinnon's opinions; we consider that he rates it as far below the true point as others rise above it. Our author has a very mean opinion of the civilisation of the Egyptians, in which he is perhaps correct, but we cannot agree with him in placing the Greeks at all on a par with the Egyptians. There was no doubt much ignorance, much depravity, and much superstition among the Hellenics, but there was also much to be admired, much heroism, and we will venture to add, much civilisation and gentlemanly feeling. We admire the spirit in which Mr. Mackinnon has written his account and promulgated his theories, but we fear he has been led away by his just detestation of their faults to forget their virtues. Let us consider the Athenians; they were the best of the Greeks. What do we find among them? Cruelty? Certainly

we discover that vice; and do we not find it among the most polished and civilised of modern nations? and were there not also found, as at present, numerous instances of the greatest magnanimity? Among the Athenians infanticide was no more prevalent than among ourselves; their women held their proper position in society; their children were carefully educated; and their slaves (for they had slaves) were treated so well that, as Xenophon says, "the Athenians erred on the side of humanity;" their commerce and manufactures were extensive. With this Mr. Mackinnon does not agree, but let him consider the numerous Athenian vessels that annually sailed from the Piræus to Spain, to Gaul, to Italy, to Carthage, to Egypt, to Asia Minor, and sometimes even to Britain, besides the numerous coasting voyages to the different neighbouring states. With Mr. Mackinnon's strictures on the cruelties of the Lacedemonians and the other Greeks we cordially concur. We have been induced to make the above observations concerning the author's opinions of the Athenians, in the hope that in a future edition they may be modified, and we do not make them with the view of merely indulging in censure; but as what we have said are our opinions we have freely uttered them. Mr. Mackinnon has shown much ability in the arrangement of his present work, and has treated his subject with great ingenuity. He appears to have devoted much time and labour to the completion of these volumes, which reflect the highest credit on his talent and industry. They contain a great variety of useful information; and gentlemen who are desirous of acquiring a better knowledge of the progress of civilisation will do well carefully to study Mr. Mackinnon's elaborate work. We can also recommend it to parents as a proper book to place in the hands of their sons who are about to enter into public life. It does not contain, that we are aware of, a single sentence which could be objected to, but every subject is treated with a delicacy that, were it followed, would very much improve the writings of many contemporary authors, particularly among our neighbours. Our strictures on the second part of the work will appear in another number. Before concluding, we would offer a few remarks on the chapter on the History of Rome. By devoting so small a space to the ancients, it is clear that it was Mr. Mackinnon's intention to enlarge on the more important and interesting subject, namely, the progress of civilization in England. Mr. Mackinnon has forcibly illustrated his views with respect to the Romans; he has shown how, by the progress of extravagance and luxury, by the consequent depravity and distaste for all that was virtuous, and by the neglect of the fine arts and literature, the masters of the world sunk to such a miserable and insignificant condition, that they were kept in awe and tyrannised over by a band of licentious and subsequently undisciplined soldiers, and to be governed by some of the worst wretches that ever disgraced humanity. The Romans were in general devoid of good feeling, or they could not have enjoyed, or even suffered those disgusting exhibitions in the amphitheatre, where animals destroyed each other, or where men were exposed to the desperate assaults of half famished lions, and where man was placed to combat with his fellow man, for the enjoyment of a brutal nobility and populace, and, subsequently, for an equally savage emperor, court, and slaves, for they were no longer *men* during the reign of the Cæsars. We do not of course mean to insinuate that all the Romans were bad; on the contrary, every reader of Roman history must be persuaded of the contrary, for there were numerous instances, indeed numberless instances, of the most exalted patriotism, of a love of virtue, and of a hatred of everything that was vicious. With these remarks we conclude our present notice, and we shall feel great pleasure in returning to the second part, on the progress of civilization in England, leaving for a future occasion, our observations on the third division of this highly interesting and valuable work.

The Wigwam and the Cabin (second series). By W. G. Simms.

[Wiley and Putnam, London.]

This is a very curious and interesting volume of tales told with rough vigour, very characteristic of the subject. The first, "The Giant's Coffin, or the Feud of Holt and Houston," is a genuine border narrative with all the terrible features which belong to such tales. "Sergeant Barnacle, or the Raftsman of the Edisto," is perhaps as terrible a story as any we ever read. It is painful in the extreme. In the first we have the fate of a brutal husband pictured with startling fidelity—in the second, the awful retribution of God by the hand of man upon a seducer. It is like a nightmare, but it is good. "Which is the Madman," "The Lazy Crow," and "Lucas de Ayllon," are clever, but "Caloya, or the Loves of the Driver," is a gem. We never read a better told story, though it has faults referred to by the author himself.

"I have but a single word to deliver in regard to this little volume. I am conscious—in one at least of the stories in the ensuing collection—that entitled 'Caloya, or the Loves of the Driver,'—of a certain Flemish freedom of touch which, in the

minds of very fastidious persons, may subject me to a certain degree of censure. The materials are coarse in character, delineating the negro slave in his moments of excess, and the Indian in his condition of deepest degradation. It has not been without a purpose that I have so designed it, since I am free to believe that I have succeeded in showing how happily virtue can be seen to triumph even in the worst estates, and with what loveliness of aspect purity can make her progress, like the Lady in Milton's Comus, even through the foul rabble of lewd spirits that hang about her path. I flatter myself that, in this little story, I have wrought out the most healthful and encouraging results of virtue, even from an atmosphere wholly vicious and impure; and that the Indian woman, Caloya, is, in moral respects, such a being as might serve for the model of the purest lady in the land.

Maize or Indian Corn, its Advantages. By John S. Bartlett, M.D.

[Wiley and Putnam, London.]

Nothing but extreme ignorance and the force of those unwholesome prejudices which militate against everything new, can prevent this article of food from becoming universal. For cheapness and nutritious qualities it has no equal. If the bakers will not keep it, let some adventurous individuals start Indian corn-meal depôts, they will soon be remunerated. The present pamphlet is admirably adapted to encourage the use of this article. It should be read by every house keeper. Its recipes for griddle cakes, egg pone, Indian meal breakfast cakes, Indian muffins, corn bread, artificial oysters, baked Indian pudding, corn pudding, ash cake, corn dodgers, shovey, slappeys, mush, &c., have literally made our editorial mouth water with the recollection of the day when we fed on such luxuries. This pamphlet should be in every body's hands.

The Drama.

Her Majesty's Theatre. — Verdi's "I Lombardi."— While we must deplore, in common with the musical world at large, the calamity which deprives us of the graceful productions of Donizetti, it is gratifying to find a young and ardent mind, full of fresh impulses and eager aspirations, ready to supply his place. All admit that the compositions of Verdi possess great variety and sweetness, with infinitely more vigour and dramatic expression than Donizetti ever threw into his works. Two operas by Verdi, *Ernani* and *Nino*, have already been brought before an English audience with marked success; and on last Tuesday evening, his grand lyric drama of *I Lombardi*, produced originally at Milan in the year 1843, was played for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, to a brilliant and fashionable audience. The opera of *I Lombardi* is that upon which the fame of Verdi principally rests on the continent, and which must ever sustain its pre-eminence as a work of extraordinary musical talent. The subject is taken from a tale of that period, so rich in legends of love, war, and romance — the time of the first crusades. Grisi's great scene was a magnificent triumph of dramatic and lyric art, as, standing like an ancient Pythoness— her form dilated to more than mortal beauty and grandeur by the passion that shook her soul—she mingled with the eloquent anguish of the fond woman the prophetic anathemas of the inspired priestess. The only drawback to the performance was the indisposition of Fornasari, who, in consequence, was obliged to omit some of the music of his part. The merits of *I Lombardi* have thus been fully acknowledged, and the favourable opinion of the continental critics completely established by the verdict of the English public. We must not omit a striking and novel feature in the beauty and magnificence of the scenery and costume of this opera. Hitherto these accessories engaged little attention in Her Majesty's Theatre; the music was the grand object upon which all the care and expense of the management was wont to be bestowed; but we see no rational reason why the interest of a serious opera, as well as of a tragedy, should not be heightened by appropriate scenery. Surely there exists a congenial feeling between the sister arts, which would make the chorus of music sink more deeply into the heart when aided by the power of the pencil. We refer, then, with pleasure to the singularly beautiful scenery by Charles Marshall, which shared with the opera the admiration and applause of the audience. The moonlight view of the cloisters and church of St. Ambrose, the hall in the palace of Acciano, at Antioch, with its light and graceful Saracenic architecture, and the different views of Jerusalem and places in the vicinity of the Holy City, especially called forth the plaudits of the spectators. The costumes and stage appointments were also in the highest degree splendid and appropriate.

Haymarket.—A piece disgraceful to the English stage was produced here last Saturday, entitled *Peter Piper*. The *Morning Chronicle* gave it its quietus. We are surprised that so judicious a manager as Webster should have been thus taken in.

Adelphi.—Wright is uproarious as usual, and Celeste celestial. Crowded houses every night proclaim their popularity.

Princess's.—On Monday last Macready

played Macbeth to a suffocating house. How is this? We understood a new play, by the author of *Earl Gowrie*, was to be produced.

Olympic.—A very praiseworthy attempt at reviving the legitimate drama is meeting with deserved support. Miss Cooper has shown talents above the general opinion entertained of her; a little less of affectation, and she would be very pleasing. Mr. Bolton's efforts we shall notice next week.

The Gatherer.

Study.—Beside a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of man—his constitution, brigade factory, man of war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet, Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidescope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns.—*David's Essays.*

Marylebone Institution.—The second lecture on Texas was delivered by Mr. Percy St. John at this place on Monday, May 11. It was listened to by his audience with much pleasure on account of the animation which characterised it. The information concerning the scenery, habits, and peculiar manners of the inhabitants was of an exceedingly interesting nature; and the lecturer introduced, as illustrations of his various descriptions, anecdotes of a highly amusing and original nature. When Mr. Percy St. John shall have corrected a few faults of delivery, he bids fair to become a popular lecturer.—*Sunday Times.*

The Fair Sex.—A vast improvement in the situation of the female sex since the advance of civilisation is apparent. In our days, the education of woman makes her the companion of man, not his slave; she participates in his domestic comforts, instead of being his menial drudge. As partner of his life, she shares in his joys and sorrows, affords him advice in trouble, solace in adversity, and adds to his pride and pleasure in the halcyon days of his fortune. Whilst man is occupied in his pursuits either physical or mental, his wife overlooks his domestic affairs, and educates her children. Whether as maid, wife, or widow, in whatever circle she may move, she has influence in that proportion; as civilisation extends, so does woman increase her power, and secure the dignity and high bearing of her nature.—*Mackinnon's Civilisation.*

New Newspaper Era. — The *Daily News* will, on June 1, appear before the public at half its present price, thus offering for a moderate subscription, all the advantages of a carefully edited and complete daily paper. We are glad of this. In America and France, morning and evening journals abound not only in the various metropoli, but even in subordinate towns, from the mere fact that they are cheap. The example will now be set here, a new era in price will have been started, and we cordially hope, for the sake of the community, that the experiment will be entirely successful. Instead of borrowing a man may now buy and preserve a daily paper for himself. We have no doubt, the day will come, when all the public journals will obey the general cry for cheap intellectual food, and to be able to give this, they must agitate for a halfpenny, aye, for a farthing stamp. It is the mere trifle paid to government, which enables a daily paper, like the *Siecle*, to be received in this country, even, for forty shillings a year.

Importance of a Comma.—A curious incident took place at Walsall a few days ago. A public announcement was made, by handbill, that the new organ would be opened, by Bishop, of London. At the day appointed great crowds of persons from the country attended to witness the performance, but they returned much disappointed, having expected to see the "Bishop of London" play the organ.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—An extraordinary phenomenon took place on the 13th ultimo, at Karoly, in Hungary. Mount Mormentzee, about 1,800 feet high, situated at the entrance of the defile of Borsoe, suddenly split in two, and stopped up the course of the river running through the hollow. The whole country above the place where the earth fell was immediately flooded.

Spinsters.—Among our industrious and frugal fore-fathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed-linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed *spinsters*; an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Books received for Review:—Mackinnon's History of Civilisation; Wigwam and Cabin, by Simms; Indian Corn, by Bartlett; Blackgown Papers, by Mariotti; Mysteries of Tobacco, by Lane; Alps and Rhine, by Headly; Pilgrim of Jungfrau, by Cheevers; The Raven, &c., by E. A. Poe.

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